

He's All That

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He's All That by reddieandgoodnight

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Summary:

Richie's band is playing prom this year, so his bandmates insist that he have a date. They bet him \$300 on whether he can find a date and turn that person into prom royalty. Who does Richie choose? Eddie Kaspbrak. (AU based on "She's All That.")

He's All That

Author's Note:

Requested by [@just-an-akward-fangirl](#) on Tumblr.

This wasn't supposed to be huge....but then it got huge, lol.

I will also be posting this on Tumblr. Feel free to come say hi! [reddieinthestars.tumblr.com](#)

Hope you enjoy! :)

P.S. Eddie's appearance is based on [this](#).

Richie Tozier's dark curls swung side to side as he bobbed his head along to the melody he was strumming on his guitar. The school gymnasium fell away as he played, the music sweeping him to another dimension, pulling him out of his seventeen-year-old life and into a place where everything was as perfect as a right now.

"Oy, Richie!"

And just like that, the spell was broken as his fingers froze on the guitar frets. He glanced over at his band members with some irritation—Suzie, Trent, and Clark. Or as Richie called them—Drums, Keyboard, and Bass.

"What?" he said with a sigh.

"We were just asking who you're going to ask to prom, since we're going to be playing at the dance," Suzie said.

Richie frowned. "Oh...I don't know...."

"Come on, Richie!" Trent said, tapping on the edge of his keyboard. "If we're playing prom, you need to bring a date."

"If I'm busy singing and playing, why the fuck do I need a date?" Richie said, already tired of the conversation. He was here to play

music, not discuss his dating life.

"Because, Richie! You gotta have someone there with you or it's going to be really lame," Trent said.

"Is there seriously no one you can go with?" Clark asked. He leaned his bass against the wall. "Why don't you ask Beverly?"

"I can't ask her."

"Why not?" Suzie asked.

"Bill wants to ask her."

"Well, you've got to ask someone," Trent pointed out.

Richie groaned loudly. "This is stupid. It's not a big deal! We're just going to playing music, so who the fuck cares if I'm there with someone or not. Fucking hell." He smacked the strings on his guitar as emphasis to his point.

"Wait, I've got an idea," Suzie said, as though she hadn't even heard him. Her hazel eyes widened with excitement as she brushed her long, dark hair out of her face.

"Suzie—"

"Shut up, Richie," she said, waving her hands. "Look, let's make a bet. If you can find a date, I'll give you fifty bucks."

"No, let's make it better than that," Clark said. He grinned. "If you can find a girl and make them into the prom queen, we'll give you a hundred bucks."

Richie's mouth pressed into a firm line. He didn't like this idea one bit.

But he also hated to back down from a challenge.

"Just how the fuck would I make a girl into the prom queen?" he asked. "And who says I want to go with a girl?"

Trent sighed. "Yeah, yeah, we all know you swing both ways. So what? Ask a guy or girl, turn them into the prom...whatever, get a hundred bucks."

Richie chewed on his lip as he pushed his coke bottle glasses up on the bridge of his nose. He had no idea who he could even ask to prom. Bev was already out; if he dared ask her, Bill would probably murder him in his sleep.

He sighed. "I can ask anyone, guy or girl?"

"Yep," Suzie said.

"And I just have to turn them into prom royalty?"

"Uh huh," Clark said.

"Then we're raising the stakes. I want three hundred bucks or no deal."

"*Three hundred?*" Trent nearly shrieked. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"Making someone that popular isn't going to be easy, Tentpole," Richie said, grinning. "It's going to take a lot of fucking work. Should be pretty chuckalicious. So you better pay up, bitches."

Suzie laughed, shaking her head. "Fine, you fucking loser."

"Indeed, Suze, indeed," Richie said gravely.

"We'll see who ends up paying," Clark said with a wink.

"All right, can we get back to the fucking music now?" Richie asked.

The next morning, Richie entered the front doors of Derry High like a man on a mission.

Because he was.

His dark eyes roved the hall, looking over his fellow students with

more interest than he ever really showed in them, especially first thing in the morning. He walked slowly toward his locker, taking his time as he passed groups of girls and boys. He heard talk of sports, of television shows, of arcades. But the topic he overheard most about was prom.

He reached his locker and sighed as he opened it. Sure, there were other cute students, but no one really caught his eye. Especially not enough to invest the time into transforming them into some sort of prom royalty diva.

Fuck, how am I even supposed to do that?

He sighed again, louder, and fought off the impulse to bash his head against the locker door. He grabbed the book he needed before slamming the locker closed and turning around to lean on it.

The hallway had that dank, unwashed smell that seemed to hang in the air with the heaters still blowing to ward off the coldness of early March in Derry. The sharp aroma of pine wafted through the doors whenever students opened them, making the atmosphere feel more like winter than spring.

A soft choking sound caught Richie's attention, and he glanced to his left.

Down several lockers was a boy having a coughing attack. Richie watched as the boy reached into his coat pocket and took out an inhaler, puffed the medicine into his mouth a couple of times, and then rubbed his chest. The other boy's cheeks were red from the cold and the coughing, a teary sparkle in his eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses. Richie recognized him from a few classes over the years, but Richie had never really talked to him.

Eddie....Kast? Kaspar? Kash?

Richie found himself walking toward the other boy before he realized what he was doing. "Hey, are you okay?" he asked.

The boy looked up at Richie. His eyes were a soft brown behind his glasses, slightly widened as though he were surprised that anyone

would be asking him that. "Yeah, I'm fine," he said after a moment.

Kaspbrak, Richie's mind finally supplied.

Eddie Kaspbrak .

"Oh, well, good," Richie said, feeling more awkward than he usually ever did around other students. "Uh, I'm Richie—"

"Tozier," the other boy finished, somewhat sharp. "Yeah, I know. We've had classes together." He paused. "I'm Eddie. Eddie—"

"Kaspbrak," Richie said, and Eddie nodded.

Richie found himself staring at how the hallway lights reflected in Eddie's warm brown eyes and spread in soft pools over the other boy's cheeks, glinting softly off his Eddie's glasses. How they picked up the smattering of cinnamon freckles that trailed over the bridge of Eddie's nose. Eddie was a tiny thing, several inches shorter than Richie, but there was a fierceness about him that Richie found intriguing.

"So, asthma?" Richie said after a pause that was far too long.

Eddie nodded, glancing down at his inhaler as he returned it to his pocket. "Something like that," he murmured.

Richie cocked his head. "Only *something* like asthma?"

"It's a long story," Eddie said. He turned to leave. "Well, I've got to get to class."

"You going to prom?" Richie asked.

Eddie froze, staring at Richie as though the other boy had grown an extra head.

What the fuck is wrong with you, Tozier?

"I, uh, don't know," Eddie said, brow furrowed. "There hasn't really been...I mean, I'm, well...I'm gay." His cheeks flushed, and he looked

down as though expecting a blow.

Richie frowned. "There's nothing wrong with that. Fuck anyone who says there is."

Eddie looked back up, wonder in his eyes.

Richie thought it was adorable. And all too perfect.

"Thanks...I guess. I gotta go—"

"I like guys, too," Richie blurted.

For the second time, Eddie stared at Richie, frozen, lips curled in a small moue.

"I mean, I like girls too. Guys, girls, whatever, I'm game," Richie rambled.

"Oh," Eddie said after a moment. "Uh, that's cool, I guess. I really got to get to class—"

"Yeah, sure," Richie said, attempting to sound casual. "Well, I guess I'll see you around, Eds."

Eddie frowned. "My name is Eddie, not Eds."

"Sure, babe," Richie said, grinning.

Eddie blinked, startled, before glaring at him.

It was the cutest irritated expression Richie had ever seen.

Eddie pulled the strap of his backpack up and walked away down the hall, tousled brown hair bouncing with his steps.

Richie watched him until he turned a corner and was gone.

"You actually bet *three hundred dollars* on finding a date to prom?"

Stan Uris did not sound amused. Then again, he usually didn't when

it came to Richie.

Richie and his friends—Bill Denbrough, Stan Uris, Mike Hanlon, Ben Hanscom, and Beverly Marsh—were lying on Bill's living room floor, their typical landing place for after school gatherings during the winter.

"No, Stan the man," Richie said. "I bet three hundred dollars that I could find a date and turn them into the prom queen. Or king. Whatever."

"Do you even *have* three hundred dollars?" Mike asked, skeptical.

"I don't need to have the money if I'm going to win the bet, Mikey boy," Richie replied.

His friends heaved a loud sigh in perfect unison.

"It hurts that you losers don't believe in me," Richie said, pretending to snifle.

"Shut up, Richie," Beverly said, brushing her red curls back from her face. But she was smiling. "Who are you going to ask?"

"Uh, well..." Richie trailed off. He knew who he wanted to ask, but—

"Is it a guy?" Beverly asked, perceptive as usual when it came to Richie. He was absurdly grateful for her in that moment. He and Bev had been close for years ever since they had run into each other smoking behind the school one day, realized they both had shit parents, and appreciated life's small graces.

"Wh-who is it?" Bill asked, blue eyes curious. His stutter had improved massively over the years, but it still slipped out from time to time.

"Well, there's this boy.... Eddie Kaspbrak—"

"Oh, Eddie?" Ben asked. He was sitting in a corner of the couch, remaining pudgy from his younger years holding onto his frame like a blanket. Richie was just a little surprised that Ben had looked away from fawning over Bev to pay attention. "He's really nice. He was my

partner on a history project, and he was really cool to work with."

"Cooler than *me*?" Mike asked, fake hurt in his voice.

"You'll always be the coolest, Mike," Ben said, laughing.

"None of you losers are cooler than me," Richie said.

"That's not saying much," Stan deadpanned.

"Fuck you, Stanley," Richie said, and they all laughed.

"So Eddie Kaspbrak, huh?" Bill asked, bringing the conversation back to prom.

"I...well, I talked to him this morning, and he actually openly told me he's gay, so..."

"Are you just asking him because of that?" Bev asked.

Richie shook his head. "No, he's...well, he's pretty nerdy, but he's pretty cute, actually."

"Just be nice, Richie," Beverly said. "I know this is a bet, but it's not fair to Eddie to get dragged under the bus because of you. He's been bullied pretty bad since word got out that he's gay."

"How do you know that?"

"You guys aren't my only friends," Bev said. "I'm friends with Eddie, too. He's a really nice guy, you know."

"Oh," Richie said. He frowned. "That's fucking bullshit that he's getting punched around for that."

Beverly sighed. "This is Derry. What did you expect? You get away with it because you're in a band and people think it's part of your image or some shit."

"My image? This isn't some fucking image phase," Richie said, affronted.

"We know that," Bill said. "But this is Derry, like Bev said."

Richie sighed. "Who are you guys asking to prom?"

Ben blushed, glancing at Beverly before looking away.

Poor sap.

"I'm asking Stacy," Mike said. Stacy was a cheerleader who had been flirting with Mike for months now, so Richie was glad Mike was making a move.

"Uh, well, uh..." Bill said, also glancing sideways at Bev. When he saw Bev looking back at him with raised eyebrows and a smile, he turned beet red.

Do it. Come on, Bill. DO IT.

"Uh, Bev...d-do you...want to go with m-me?" Bill asked, finishing the question in a rush.

Beverly grinned, a cute blush spreading over her freckled cheeks. "Sure, Bill. I'd love to."

Everyone cheered, although Ben looked glum. Richie felt bad for Ben, but he knew Bev had liked Bill for a long time now. He was glad to see Bill finally do something about it.

Now he just had to figure out how to ask Eddie Kaspbrak out and somehow transform Eddie into prom king material.

No big deal, right?

Sure, Tozier. Sure.